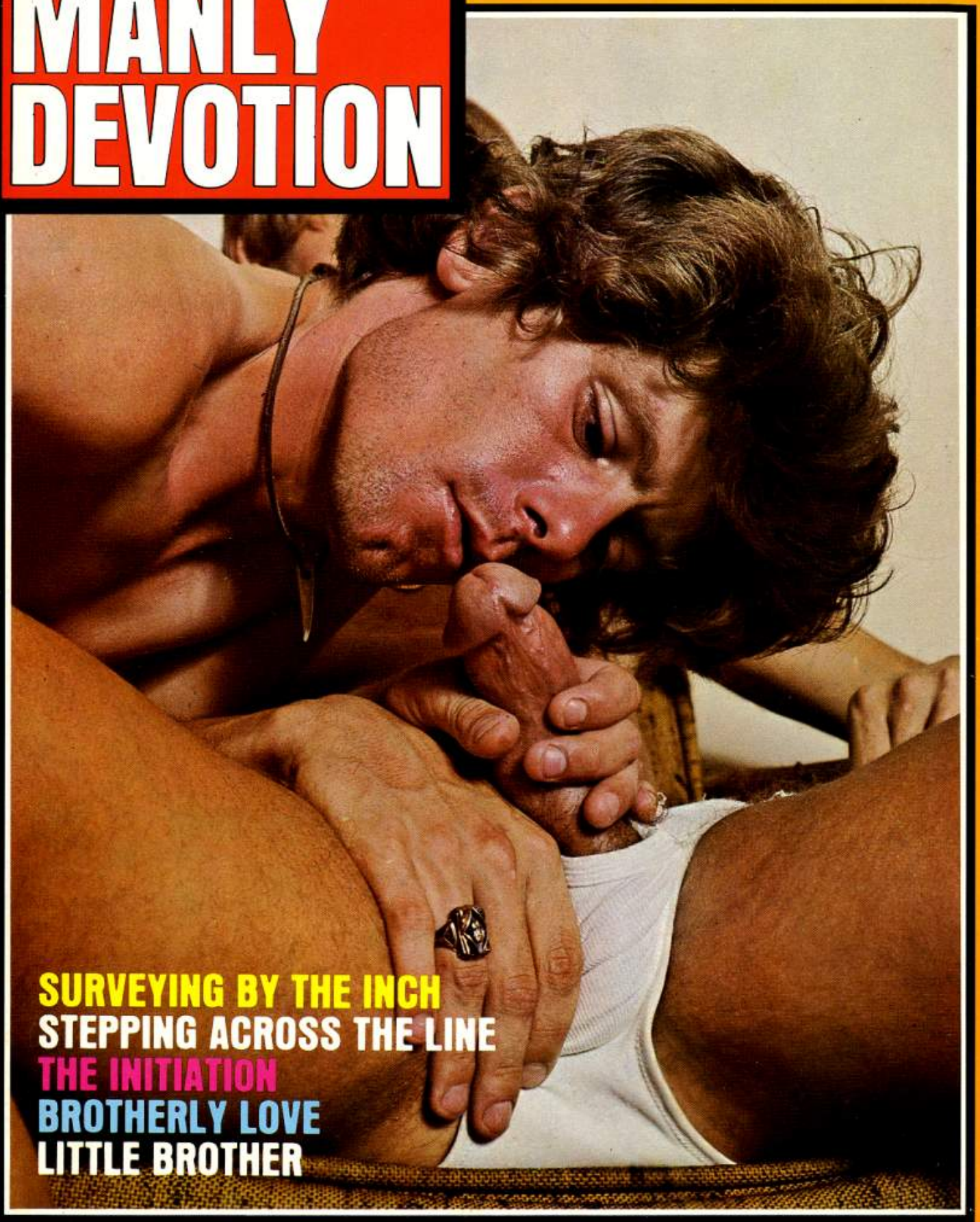
MANLY DEVOTION

VOLUME ONE, NUMBER FOUR $6.00



SURVEYING BY THE INCH
STEPPING ACROSS THE LINE
THE INITIATION
BROTHERLY LOVE
LITTLE BROTHER

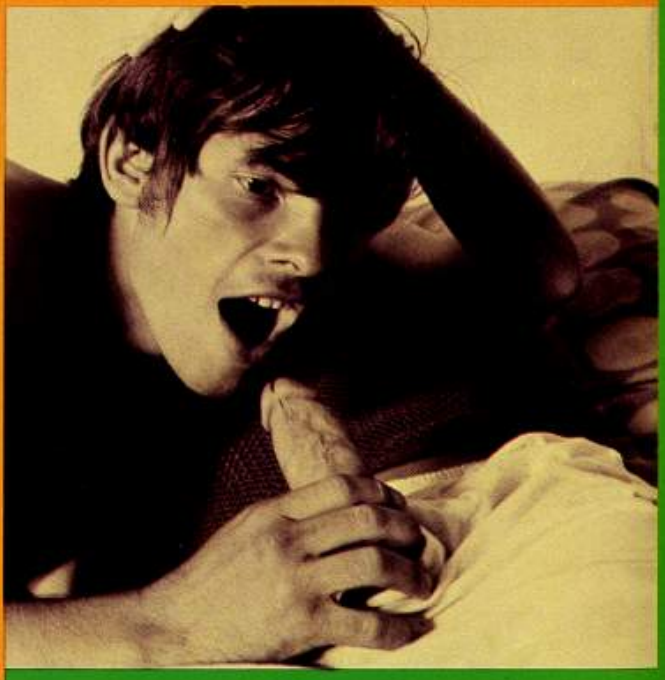
FOR ENTERTAINMENT OF ADULTS ONLY · SALE TO MINORS PROHIBITED

MANLY DEVOTION

Surveying By the Inch 3
Stepping Across the Line 13
The Initiation 23
Brotherly Love 29
Little Brother 38

Larry Terrell looked at the two-block-long business district of the little town of Placerville with disgust. Wasn't it just like his company to pick Placerville as completely average? And here he was stuck for two weeks to take his survey on everything from what kind of dog food the people bought to how many times they went to the bathroom a day! Lucky old Larry! he thought to himself. What I need right now is a cock as big as a horse's hung on someone I can look at without having to close my eyes!

SURVEYING BY THE INCH



As he walked along, he looked at the inhabitants. Not one man in town even showed a lump in his pants to give Larry a clue as to how they were hung. Oh, man! Was this ever going to be a drag! He saw a drugstore sign which also advertised a soda

fountain and light lunches. He decided to try it. Drugstores were usually where the kids in hick towns like this hung out. Maybe he could come up with one or two youngsters to take the deadly pall off the village.

He sat down at the counter

and a pimply faced boy came up to wait on him. "What'll it be?" he asked.

"Bacon, lettuce and tomato sandwich and a Coke," Larry replied, "and is there any action in this burg?"

"Oh—there's a dance tonight at the Elk's hall and a theater in the next block. Opens at six."

"Thanks," Larry replied, disgruntled.

He gloomily read the posters and signs above the service counter and was suddenly aware that someone else had come into the drugstore. He turned around on his stool. Much to his pleasure, he saw a young stud over at the magazine rack leafing through a muscle magazine. Their eyes met briefly and the fellow gave him a slight smile and returned to the magazines.

Larry looked him over carefully. This kid seemed to have some moxie that didn't exist in anyone else he had seen in town. He was wearing a see-through tank top and very, very tight Levis. When he turned around to look at the other side of the magazine rack, Larry was treated to a huge, tightly packed genital area that meant only one of two things. Either he was so dumb he didn't know he was showing that much or he was doing it on purpose, and as Larry caught his eye again, he was certain that the boy knew what he was doing!

Larry motioned him over to the stool beside him, and the lad came right over. "Hi there," Larry said. "I'm Larry Terrell. What's your name?"

"Jon Lemming. You're new in town, aren't you?"

"Yes. I'll be here for two weeks making a survey."

"What are you surveying?"

"Everything—what ever the typical people in a typical town do and prefer."

"That sounds kinda fun! Have you started yet?"

Larry could see that Jon's eyes were glistening and that his eyes were roaming openly over his face and body. "No, I haven't begun as yet. I'm going to start this morning, though."

"Why not start with me?" Jon asked with guileless eyes shining.

"All right. Do you want me to ask you the questions here?"

"I think it would be more comfortable at my place. Care to go there?"

"Sure—I'd much rather!"

Jon let Larry finish his sandwich and Coke, quietly appraising Larry as he ate. When he was finished, Larry said, "Lead

on, MacDuff—I'm right with you." He picked up his briefcase and followed Jon through the door. On their way to Jon's home, Larry asked a few questions. "Were you in the service, Jon?"

"Yeah—the Navy."

"Glad to be out?"

"No."

"Any girl friends?"

"No."

"Any plans?"

"Plenty of plans—but not for girl friends!" Jon replied emphatically. "Why don't you ask me why I'm not happy to be out of the Navy?"

"Okay—why aren't you glad?"

Jon took a deep breath and replied, "Because my lover is still in!" They had reached Jon's house and he ushered Larry in. Larry was still breathless and startled by Jon's last answer. Jon closed the door, pulled Larry close to him and kissed him, his hand groping Larry's hugh cock. He took one of Larry's hands and placed it on his now-throbbing bulge and said softly, "And now are you ready to go for the $64,000. question?"

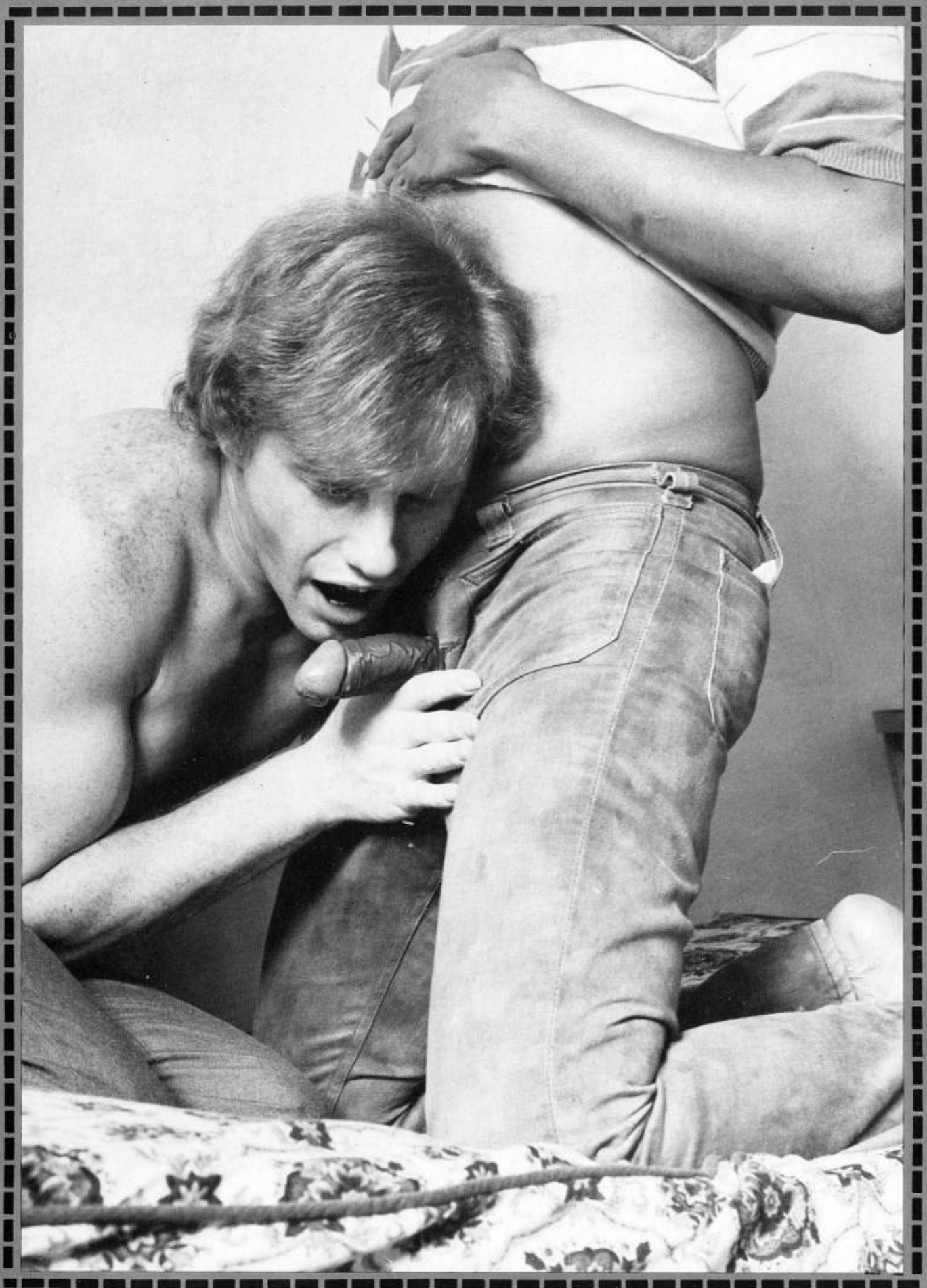
"The answer is 'yes' to everything!"

"Give that man a cigar!" Jon murmured huskily as he pulled Larry to the floor.

STEPPING ACROSS THE LINE

"Beautiful, soft, milky skin," Steward Jones murmured as he caressed the sleek body next to him on the bed. Stewart was a black fellow who went for pale skins as much as his partner went for ebony skin. Stewart had met Patrick Downing at a party in the predominantly black area of Adams Boulevard. Patrick had a penchant for black men and he was brave enough to go into their domain to find his sexual partners.

Patrick had everything to turn on a white lover; he was extremely handsome, well built and had a huge, uncircumcised cock which stood him in good stead with every one of his sexual ventures. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he had been raised in Georgia, but white skins did two things to



him—nothing and nothing at all. All of his playmates in the South had been colored boys and all of his early sexual experiences had been with kids who sported brown to black pricks—and they were usually quite large, making Pat believe the rumors that the black race was infinitely superior to the white in the meat department.

When he had moved to the West Coast, he learned very quickly that having sex with a black was taboo—in both the hetero and gay worlds. Since it wasn't wise to be seen with a Negro, he found that he could assuage his appetite by going to glory holes which were frequented by blacks and no one was the wiser. What he wanted, though, was an affair—a real love affair with a Negro of this choice. It was difficult, because when he went to black bars he was considered an outsider and when he went to white bars, the blacks could only mingle on the outer fringe. It was all right to talk to them, but look to your reputation if you went further and dated them!

An elderly black queen who hung around the whites finally came to his aid, seeing that Pat was really hung up. "What you need is an introduction to the party crowd, Pat," Rene said. "And if you want me to, I'll take you to one of them as my date. That way, you'll be welcome."

Pat was extremely happy on the way to the first party—to the point that he had sex with Rene before they ever got there. Rene wasn't bad looking. He had a gorgeous hunk of prick, and Patrick even considered having an affair with him! But when they got to the party, there were at least a half dozen strapping black studs who nearly drove Pat crazy! They were all in casual dress, which meant there were plenty of bare chests showing and tight pants worn without shorts.

After the initial snide remarks were made about "whities," Pat turned on his charm and showed himself to be a genuine "nigger lover." He had carefully chosen his wardrobe for the evening and

made sure that his beautiful cock couldn't be passed over lightly. The black guests, most of whom had the basic craving for white skin, were soon asking him to dance, fetching him drinks and basking in his obvious warmth for the dark skin they were displaying.

One of the largest, most masculine bucks finally got up the courage to ask Pat to go home with him. They were applauded and congratulated as they left the party. Pat was accepted into their circle and had his pick of the others, who all danced attendance.

Stewart Jones, the first one Pat had dated, still held the lead in Pat's affections. Pat had met him this particular night at a pool hall on Jefferson Boulevard which Stewart favored. The other customers welcomed Pat when they saw how the wind blew with Stewart.

"How come you follow me around so much, white boy?" Stewart asked pleasantly.

"Because I like to suck that gorgeous, long, fat cock of yours and feel that big, beautiful mouth of yours suck me. And you have the prettiest butt I've ever seen—does that answer your question?"

"You know that if it was a hundred and fifty years ago, you could have bought me for your very own."

"And believe me, I would have!"

"And I believe you, you little white angel! Sometimes, I love you, but other times I could gladly kill you!"

"When you talk like that, my guts turn to water!"

"I know it—I've watched your face."

"Don't you see, Stewart, I want to be *your* slave!"

"That's what we're trying to prove, boy. When people are in love, they become each other's slave."

"Then take me home and prove it to me!" Pat replied, taking Stewart's hand right in front of everybody.

THE INITIATION

*

"We've almost decided to let you join the club, kid," Chuck Drury said to Henry Adams, who sat on the sand and drank in every word. "Of course, you know you have to pass an initiation, don't you?"

Henry looked up at the tall, handsome blond. From his position, he looked right up the leg of Chuck's torn shorts and saw the long, dangling prick and the pendulous balls which enhanced Chuck's loins. Chuck cocked his head and asked, "Are you gettin' your jollies by looking at my equipment, kid?"

Henry blushed a deep scarlet and mumbled, "I wasn't lookin' at anything."

"The hell you beller!" Chuck roared. "Don't call my cock and balls nothin', you little fucker!"

"I—I—wasn't. Honest, Chuck," Henry faltered. "You've got the biggest cock I've ever seen!" He looked at Chuck fearfully, afraid that he'd said too much.

Chuck pulled up the flap of the tear and revealed his astonishing genital development. "Now look at them and tell me that you weren't looking at 'anything'!"

Chuck caught the hungry expression that came over Henry's face and he said, "Okay—I guess you're all right. Why don't we get right on with the initiation?"

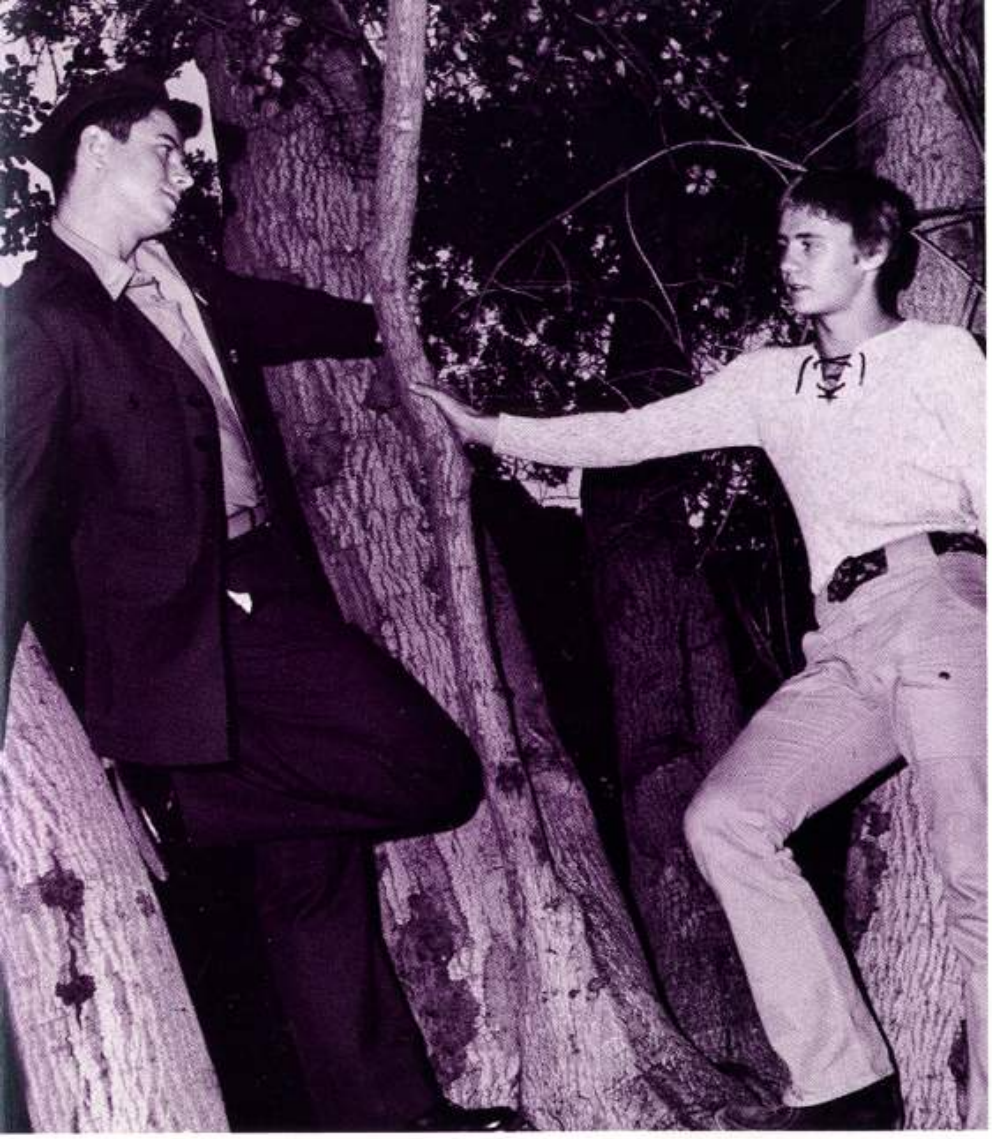
"Are we going to do it right here?"

"No, you simple shit. We're going to do it at my pad!"

"Will it hurt?"

"That's up to you. Do you want to join or not?"

"Yes—more than anything in the world!"



"Hey, man," Skee said, "wheels and everything! Let's go!"

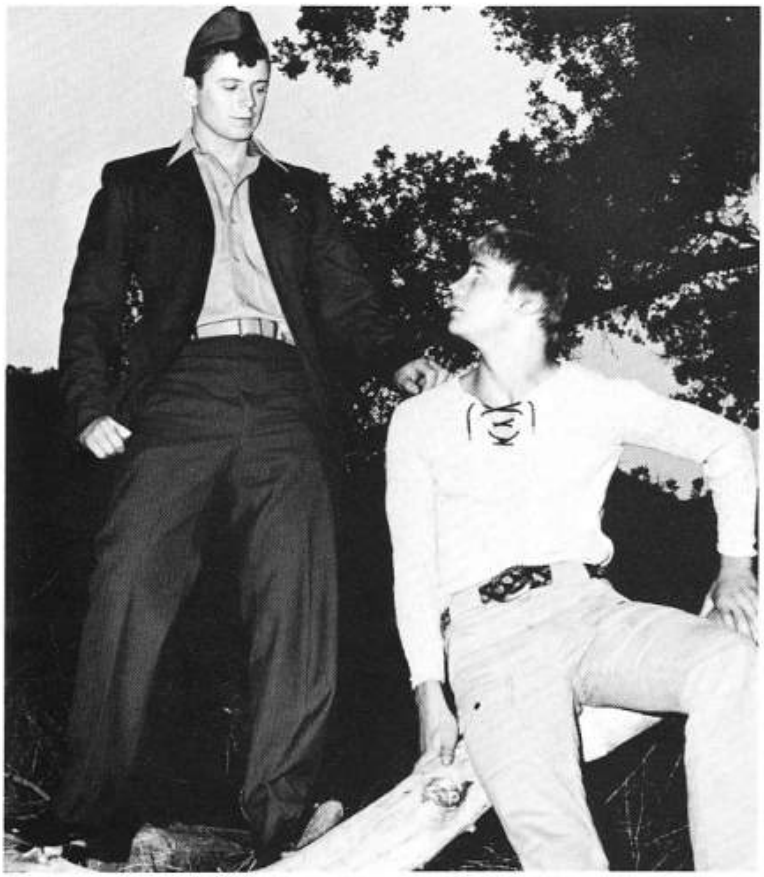
When they got to the apartment, Corky had plans to get Skee into the bedroom first, but Skee said, "Jeez! This uniform is really uncomfortable—can I take my jacket off?"

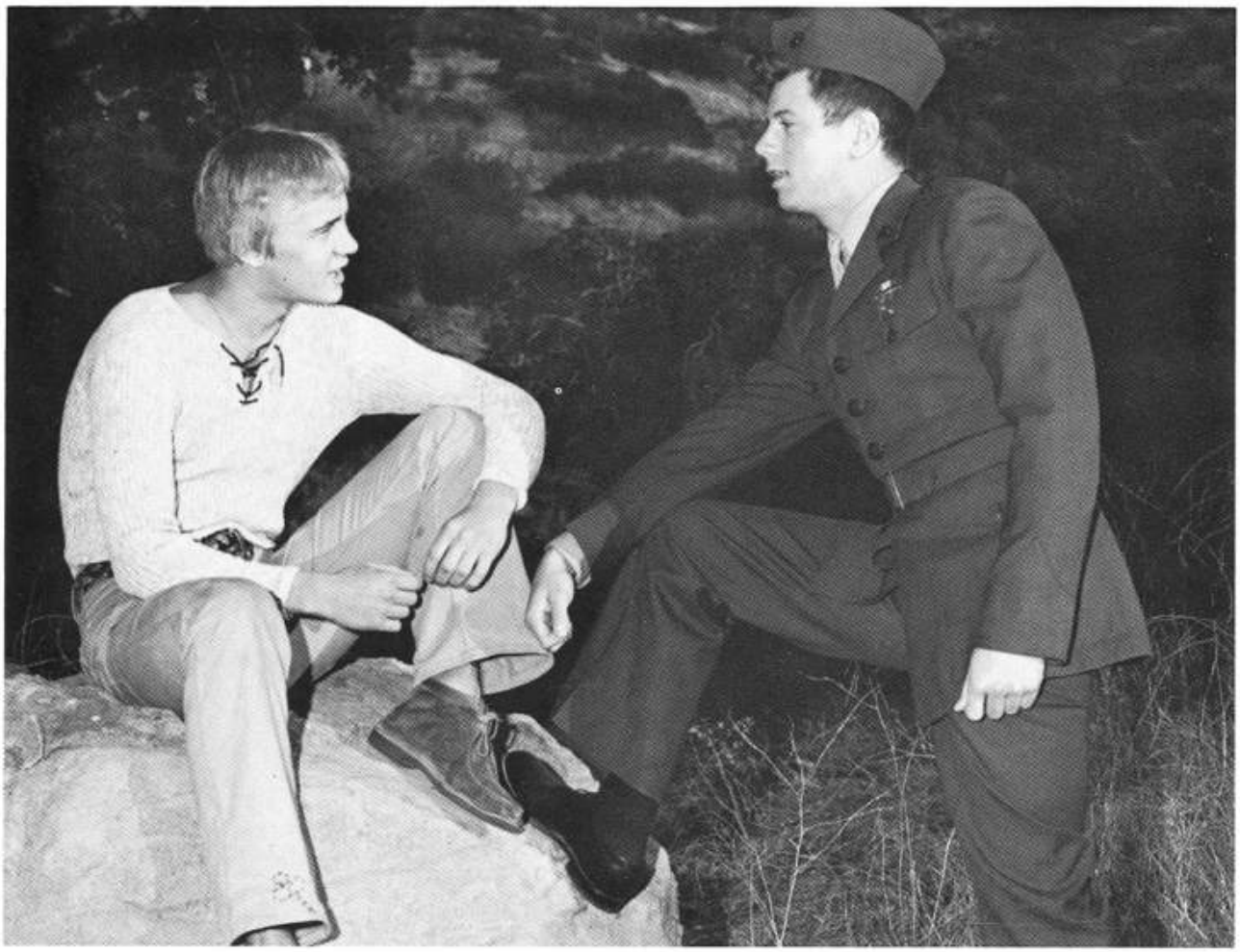
"Yes—and *your tie*—and *your shirt*—and *your T shirt*—and *your pants*—and *your shoes and socks*—and *your . . ."*

"I think I get the idea . . . c'mere, Corky."

Corky sat down beside him on the couch and Skee pulled him roughly to him. Corky got the surprise of his life as Skee sank his tongue into his mouth to its limit. His hand reached eagerly for Corky's crotch which was already blazing with anticipation. Corky worked hard at removing Skee's shirt and T shirt and bared Skee's unbelievably beautiful upper body. His pectorals were smoothly swelling, hairless, square and highly placed on his chest, shelving out over his exciting, washboarded abdominals. The guy was absolutely gorgeous!

Corky had seen Skee's prick out of his pants but now it was asserting itself to its utmost. The translucent foreskin, collared around the base of his flaring corona made Corky's mouth water as the phenomenal tower jutted out and away from the open fly in Skee's Marine issue skivvies. He was a bit surprised to find that Skee was as cock-minded as he was. Like most other inverts, he expected every *Marine to be rough and*





more trade than anything else, but obviously, Skee wanted his cock just as much as Corky wanted his because Skee's hand frantically searched out Corky's roaring hard-on and latched on possessively.

"Stand up!" Skee commanded huskily.

Corky stood up and Skee pulled his pants down around his thighs. He kissed each of Corky's balls and then, starting at the gigantic, throbbing crest, kissed and licked the full length of Corky's prick until his nose and lips were buired in the neat, crisp triangle of blond, pubic curls surrounding the gargantuan base nestled there.

"You really dig me!" Corky gasped.

"You bet I do, baby—I dig you and I want to suck you off!" Skee admitted.

"Let's sixty nine, then—come into the bedroom!"

"Too far away! Get on your hands and knees over me and let's do it that way the first time!"

"The first time?"

"Sweetheart—I'm all primed to go at least four or five times! I haven't even jacked off for a week!"

Corky placed the snub nose of his beautiful dick between Skee's trembling lips and fucked down as he swallowed Skee's throbbing monster like a circus sword swallower.

Skee pulled his lips away from Corky's plunging weapon and said, "Corky! Corky! I'm gonna have to shoot my first load! I promise that I won't go soft or anything like that, but I've got to let one load loose—okay?"

Corky nodded and Skee let go—a geyser of hot, steaming glue which crashed against Corky's tonsils in anguished relief.

Skee increased his suctioning while Corky drained him, then stopped and asked, "Aren't you going to come, baby?"

"Not yet, Skee—I want to make this last. I'll have to admit that I came twice in the bus station head before you came in—but I'm hot as a pistol and if you're really good for several more—let's make it last! Why don't you plan on staying with me tonight?"

"God! That's a sensational idea! Do you mean it?"

Of course—let's go out for a sandwich and a walk—then we can come back and do this right! Skee—are you tied up with any other guy?"

"No, Corky—but I might be after today!"

Griffith Park was just a short distance from Corky's apartment so he drove there, wanting to stretch out his time with Skee as much as possible. He could always find sex, but somehow, he wanted more with this sensational, dark-haired Marine stud.

"Could I be falling in love with him?" Corky asked himself as they wandered through the wooded area of Ferndell. The pros and cons of tying himself up to a serviceman crossed and recrossed his brain. It seemed irrevelant that someone as sweet and almost naive like Skee was could be a rough, tough, "gung ho" Marine but there he was and he was certainly a Marine.

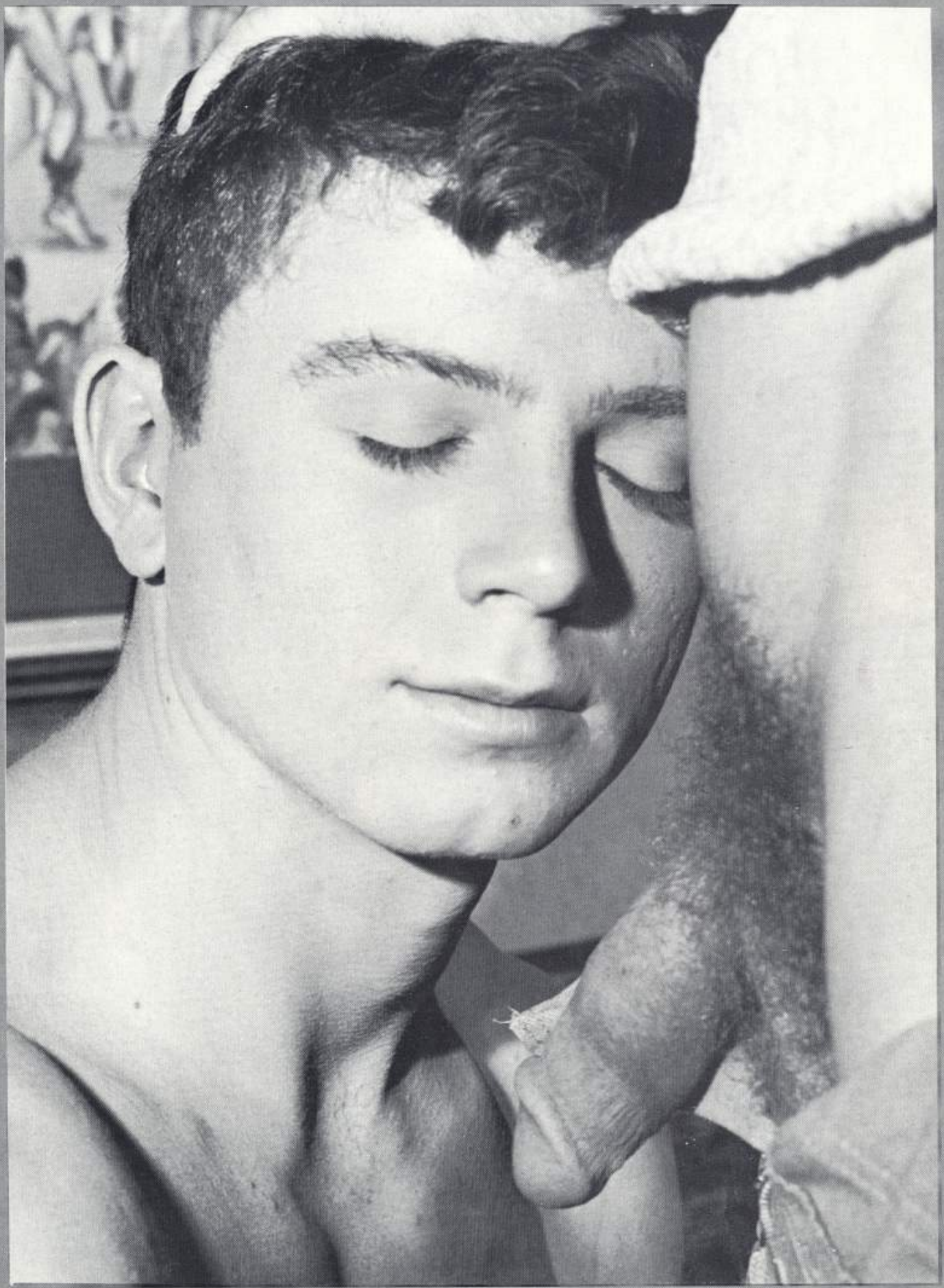
"When did you find out that you dug guys, Skee?" he asked.

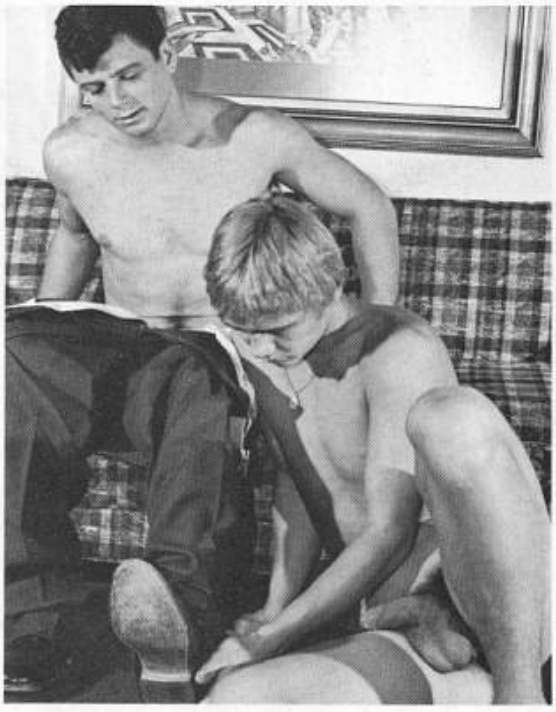
Skee smiled disarmingly and asnwered, "The first time I saw another kid's dick!"

"When was that?"

"When I joined the Cub Scouts—there weren't any kids in my neighborhood where I was born and I was an only child. My folks had me join the Scouts because of that. As it was, they had to drive me ten miles just to go to meetings. I fell madly in love with every boy in the Pack and on our first overnight outing, I got to sleep with a boy who was as horny as I was. He didn't make any bones about it. He taught me how to jack-off the first night (of course, we couldn't come but I sure 'tickled'!) and how to suck the next day; then I found out that every boy in the outfit did it. Oh, man, I couldn't wait for those weekly meetings! All through school, the same bunch of guys had sex together and it was a real thrill when we got old enough to shoot a load. We had the wildest daisy chains in the world and never got caught once. When we got to be eighteen, we all decided to join the Marines. We never got sissy or any of that shit and decided that only real men went into the Marines—boy! Did we get surprised!"

"Where are your buddies now?"





A cloud of gloom suddenly settled on Skee's brow and he resplied softly, "Most of them bought it in Nam. The ones who didn't are still in the hospital. I was the only one who got off without a scratch."

"Gee, I'm sorry, Skee—but I'll be your friend—maybe even your lover!"

Skee brightened and said, "C'mon—let's get that sandwich and go back to your apartment. I want to see you naked again!"

This time, they undressed in the bedroom, their breath coming short as they watched each other. By the time they were naked, they both had roaring hard-ons and they fell on the bed in a wild embrace.

"Can I fuck you, Corky?" Skee whispered, emotion making his voice tremulous.

"You're awfully big, baby," Corky answered, undecided but really wanting it.

"Please, Corky—then you can fuck me!" Skee pleaded.

"Okay—but let me get some grease—and please take it easy—go real slow!"

Corky got some lubricant

from the bathroom and after greasing his almost virginal ass-hole and perineum, lovingly stroking the thick, slippery cream all over Skee's beautiful, throbbing prick. It glistened and shone as Corky manipulated the slick foreskin back and forth across the huge, arrogant crown, capping and uncapping it while Skee writhed in ecstasy.

"C'mon, baby—sit on it—hurry—then you can control how slowly you want it—but do something! I'm ready to fall right out of my fuckin' tree!"

Corky straddled him and placed the giant, snub nosed crest against his pink, puckered anal ring. Taking a deep breath, he forced down tentatively and finally felt the taut, velvety crown pop through his sphincter muscle. He moaned at the sharp, sudden pain as the hysterical, outraged muscle clamped behind Skee's flaring corona.

"Just relax, babe," Skee crooned, "just stop and get used to it. The pain will leave in a minute or two—then I'm going to

fuck your prostrate until you climb the walls!"

Corky's panting soon quieted and he said, "Yeah—you're right! It's starting to feel groovy now!"

"Start moving down slowly, baby."

It was all that Skee could do to lie still and not ram his hugh, thick weapon home—oh, Christ! That felt so great! *Corky had the tightest, most wonderful sheath he'd ever felt—and the little devil was starting to wriggle his ass on the big dick now. Holy shit! This was what Skee really dug! Corky's monstrous cock, which had lost its stiffness when Skee had first penetrated him, began to lift again and as Skee's plum-sized crown rumbled over his prostrate, the electrifying*

sensation caused the handsome warrior to throb in its steeliness. Several crystal drops of pre-seminal fluid oozed out of the pink slit and dripped down onto Skee's rippling, washboarded stomach.

"Oh man! Did you ever!*" Corky moaned. "If that happens many more times, I'm gonna shoot all over your belly and chest!"*

"Let 'er go, sweetheart! I'll love it—shoot me a big *load!"*

All of a sudden, Corky was sitting on Skee's hip bones; he had taken the full length of the monster and it felt like it was going to come out of his mouth—but he loved it! This beautiful Marine had wiped out everyone else in Corky's

memory. "Okay, Skee," he mumbled shakily, "I've taken it all and it doesn't hurt anymore. Roll me over on my back and fuck me—I mean fuck *me—fuck me* hard!*"*

Skee gladly rolled him over without withdrawing and pushed Corky's legs up and Corky hooked them over Skee's impossibly broad shoulders. Skee slowly pulled back until just the gigantic crest remained in Corky's ante-chamber, then with a sensual gasp, plunged into his balls again.

Corky whimpered ecstatically as his swollen prostatic acorn was prodded time after time. Skee's eyes began to glaze and his lower jaw sagged as he long dicked Corky in a frenzy. The pressure in his boiling balls reached a new height and he knew that he couldn't control the bubbling torrent much longer.

"Are you about ready, baby?" he gasped.

"One or two more, Skee," Corky panted.

Skee suddenly doubled his body like a contortionist and as he sank into his surging nuts again, engulfed Corky's jerking, throbbing pole deep into his mouth. The unexpected thrill made Corky scream and he stiffened and convulsed as he hurled his super-charged load against Skee's tonsils. The violent barrage triggered Skee's puckering string and as he swallowed Corky's geysering gushes, the dam holding his vast spermatic reservoir back disintegrated and a volcanic eruption of churning, white-hot cream sprayed the walls of Corky's sheath with blast furnace intensity. The double thrill of being fucked and sucked at the same time turned Corky into a whimpering, sensual animal and unintelligible endearments poured from his lips.

"Don't ever leave me, Skee—I

THE ONLY WAY IS THE GAY WAY!

Gay Way paperbacks, that is.

FOUR ON THE FLOOR/X-14
The dragstrip was safer than his own unbridled emotions.

GETTING IT ALL TOGETHER/X-50
The "peek hole" is a hole in the restroom where they learn by watching and by doing.

LAGUNA RIP OFF/X-90
TV star Chris Ford takes a three day vacation in gay Laguna leading to involvement in perverted sex, violence and murder.

MAN EATER/X-49
He wanted to take my cock and balls and chew them into red hunks of dead meat.

EL RUBIO/X-161
Chris Ford and Doc journey to Mexico where Chris' appearance make the natives believe their God, Quetzalcoatl, has returned.

NAKED COWBOY/X-127
Ruthless measures are taken when a young homosexual member of a wealthy Texas family attempts to take control of a fabulous corporation.

CITY OF MEN/X-162
A beautiful orphan sells himself in a scarlet nightmare to secure the release of his imprisoned lover.

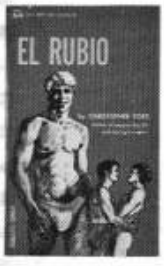
SUDDENLY IT'S SPEED/X-128
Speed and "speed" are blended in a drag-stripster's life.

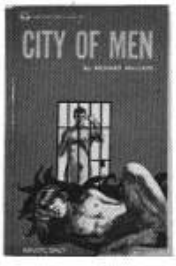
TOUCH AND DOWN/X-91
When a potential All American half-back has an affair with a teammate, it can be beautiful for the lovers but ugly for the university.

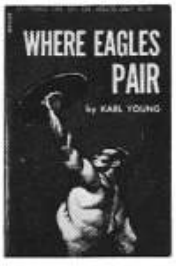
TROUBLED LOVERS/X-26
Seduction by a transvestite leads Dave to tragic circumstances.

TURN ON TURN OVER/X-15
"Cunt verses ass;
most of the time ass is tighter . . ."

WHERE EAGLES PAIR/X-27
Young men speeding in excess of 200 MPH toward their inherent lust for each other.







$1.95 ea. **CATALOGS 50c** **M. M.**

Please mail to me the titles numbered below:

_____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____

_____ _____ _____ _____

I have enclosed $_____ Cash ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ including 50c for the first item and 25c for each additional item to cover first class postage (Calif. residents add 5%.) Cash and money orders are filled the same day as they are received; personal checks must await bank clearance.

Mail to:
XXX, INC.
20251 PRAIRIE ST.
CHATSWORTH, CALIF. 91311

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State and Zip_____

_____

Signature that I am over 21

love you—I love you! I've never been in love before, but I am now!"

Skee plunged in for his last stroke and shuddered deliciously. "No one has ever made me feel this way before, either. I think that the Marines have finally *landed!" he murmured fervently, finally happy once again.*